

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

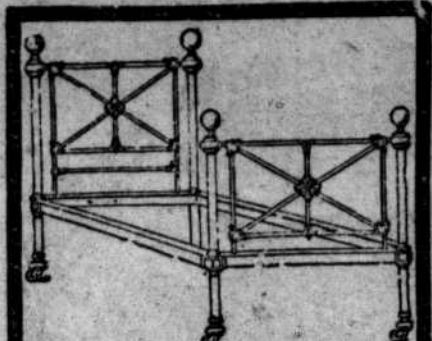
"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 14, NO. 48

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, JUNE 25, 1897.

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THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July.—July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas County.

PHYSICIANS' CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

AMONG the persons settling in what is now Pocahontas County early in the century John Sharp, Senior, a native of Ireland, is richly deserving of more than passing notice. He is the ancestor of the families of that name that constitute such a marked proportion of the Frost community, and have been identified with that vicinity for the past 95 years. Previous to the Revolution he came in with the tide of Scotch-Irish immigration that spread over Pennsylvania and New Jersey and thence moved South, and finally located in Rockingham County, Virginia.

His wife was Margaret Blaize, whose parents resided in west Rockingham in the vicinity of Rawley Springs. She was a relative of the Rev John S. Blaize, one of the pioneer Presbyterian pastors in our county.

After a residence of several years in Rockingham County, Mr Sharp came to Pocahontas in order to secure land for the use of his large and industrious family, and he succeeded well, and saw them well fixed in life all around him. He reached Frost in 1802, and settled on the place now occupied by Abram Sharp, Esq. There were six sons and as many daughters. The daughters were Margaret, Anna, Isabella, Elizabeth, Rosa, and Polly. Margaret became Mrs Henry Dille, and lived on Thorny Creek. Anna was married to Daniel McCollam, who finally moved to Ohio. Isabella became Mrs Alexander Ryder, who lived so long on the top of the Alleghany, seven miles east of Huntersville. Elizabeth was the wife of the Rev Jas. Wanless, a widely known Methodist minister, and lived on upper Thorny Creek, where John F. Wanless now resides.

Rosa Sharp was married to the Rev William J. Ryder, on Back Creek, Highland County. Her family mostly went West—to Illinois. Rev Stewart Ryder, of Bath, is her son. He was for several years an itinerant minister in the Baltimore Conference. Aaron Ryder, who lives near Frost, is another son.

Mary (Polly) Sharp became the wife of William Hartman, and settled in Upshur County, West Virginia. Her children were Joel, Susan, Elizabeth, and Mary. Joel Hartman married Jonathan Yeager's daughter Rachel. Mary Hartman became Mrs Jeter; Susan Hartman became Mrs Harper, all of Upshur County.

In reference to the six sons that were of this family, and the brothers of the six sisters whose history is so briefly traced, we learn the following particulars from Mrs Elizabeth Sharp, the aged relict of the late John Sharp, a grandson of the pioneer John Sharp. This venerable lady has a remarkable history; left alone during the war, she supported her young and numerous family, paid off mortgages on the land, and came through the great trouble out of debt.

The pioneer's sons were John, Robert, Daniel, James, William, and Joseph.

John Sharp, Junior, married Rebecca Moore, daughter of Pennsylvania John Moore, and settled on land now occupied by Joseph Moore, near Glade Hill, who is a grandson of John Sharp, Senior.

Robert Sharp died in early youth. Daniel Sharp married Miss Margaret Palmer, of Augusta County, and settled on Buffalo Mountain, beyond Green Bank. Daniel finally went to Lewis County, and settled on Leading Creek. His sons were John, Robert, Joseph, Cornelius, and James. Daniel Sharp's daughter Mary (Polly) married William May, on Anthony's Creek.

James Sharp, son of John the pioneer, married Margaret Wanless, a daughter of Ralph Wanless, Senior, and settled on the head of Thorny Creek. There were five sons and two daughters in his family. William, Andrew, Robert, James, and Lindsay were the sons, and Jane, who became Mrs Nicholas Swadley, and Nancy, who married James Moore, now of Nicholas County, were the daughters. Mr and Mrs Swadley moved to

Ritchie County. Lindsay Sharp lives on the old homestead. Andrew Sharp lives on Back Creek, and will be 97 years of age July 3, 1897. He is able to do considerable work with his axe and brush-hook.

William Sharp, of John the early settler, married Margaret Nesbitt, of Rockbridge County, and settled near Frost. There were a son and three daughters. John Sharp, Mary Paulina, Eliza Jane, and Margaret. Mary Paulina married Stephen Wanless, and lived on Back Creek. Her husband was killed by a vicious horse. John F. Wanless, a widely known citizen is her son. Eliza Jane became Mrs David Hannah, of Fayette County. John Sharp, the one son of this family, married Elizabeth Slaven Wade, daughter of John Wade, Esq., of Highland County, and settled on the place near Frost where his widow now lives. There were five sons and four daughters.

The sons were Charles Osborne Wade, William Alexander Gilmer, John Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Uriah Bradford. Little Bradford died at the age of seven years, his mother's darling, and though many years have passed she weeps at the mention of his name. It cannot be long till they meet again. Matilda Ursula died at sixteen months. Margaret Ann died aged sixteen years. Martha Ellen and Marietta Emmeretta Virginia are yet living.

Gilmer Sharp married Nancy Elizabeth Arbogast, daughter of Solomon Arbogast, near Glade Hill. He settled a mile from Frost on the west branch of Knapp's Creek, in the pine woods, and opened up a nice home. His family consists of seven sons and two daughters: Upton Porter, William Bradford, Clifton Chalmers, Ernest Gilmer, George Mervin, Charles Letcher, Minnie Ursula, and Nancy Elizabeth Daisy. Minnie is now Mrs Ellis Basard, near Glade Hill. Upton Porter is a teacher in the public schools.

J. B. F. Sharp, of John of William of John, pioneer, married Mary Alice Gibson, of Bath, and now lives near Frost. Henderson Wickline, Carrie, Bessie Ellen, Ruthie McKee are their children.

C. O. W. Sharp, another son of the same family, married Miss Amanda Grimes, daughter of David, and settled near Frost. There were six sons and three daughters. Hanibal Hamlin, Charles Hanson, David Franklin, George Winters, Summers Hedrick, Austin John, Trudie Montgomery, Issa Amanda, Esta Medora. Charles Sharp died June 29, 1892.

Martha Ellen Sharp, one of the surviving sisters, became the wife of Abram Sharp, Esq., near Frost Mill. He was a Union sympathizer and a Federal soldier. Their family consists of six sons and four daughters. Joseph Averill married Sarah Vint, and lives on Brown's Mountain. John Washington married Mary Ann Simmons, of Highland, and lives near Frost. Anderson Butler, Stewart Holmes, Aaron Abraham, and Lincoln—who died at the age of four years. The daughters are Julia Quebec, who is Mrs William Shraeder, and lives near Frost; Caba Truxillo died December, 1895, greatly lamented; Elizabeth Rachel, Mary Hannah Susan.

The other surviving member of Mrs Bettie Sharp's family is Marietta Emmeretta Virginia, who married Thomas R. Kellison, and lives near Mountain Grove. Her family of three sons and six daughters are named as follows: John Benjamin Franklin Lightbourne, Charles Hackie, Thomas Bonar, Elizabeth Lugertie Moomau, Anna Amanda Jane, Ella, Marietta Constance, Hattie, and Lucy.

The last of the sons of John the pioneer is Joseph Sharp, who married Elizabeth Lightner and settled on the old homestead, now held by Abram Sharp. His children were named in the Lightner sketches.

It might be well to mention as many of his grandchildren as may have come to our notice. Polly Sharp was the wife of John Hannah, on Elk. Her sons were Joseph Bryson Hannah, late of Frost,

where his bereaved family now reside; Sheldon Clark, Andrew Warwick, William, George Lightner Hannah, wellknown and well-doing citizens of Elk. Her daughter Jane became Mrs Fox, of Randolph County; Elizabeth is now Mrs Hall; Martha is now Mrs James Gibson, Rachel Mrs George Gibson, and Amanda Mrs Hambrick, of Point Mountain.

The late Peter Sharp near Frost was a son of Joseph Sharp. He was a Confederate soldier. His wife was Mary Ann Herron, daughter of Leonard Herron. Three of his sons are Methodist preachers. Oscar is a local preacher, William and Jasper are in the itineracy. Samuel died recently, and Ashby is Constable of Frost District. Alice is Mrs Alexander Caricoff, and lives in Augusta County. Azelia married Rev C. M. Anderson, and lives in west Pocahontas, near Lobelia.

Another son, Henry Sharp, of the pioneer's son Joseph, married Caroline Curry, daughter of the late J. Harvey Curry, of Dummore, and lives on Douthard's Creek, near Driscoll. Their family numbers seven daughters and two sons. Clara, now Mrs Henry Overholt; Docia, now Mrs Warren; Effie, Mrs J. E. Campbell; Lizzie, Mrs Mack Ervine; Bertha, Lucy, and Pearl. Gilbert Sharp is at home, a well-known machinist; Albert Sharp resides at Marlinton, where he is a well-known citizen and has performed an active part in the construction of improvements.

Thus far we have been able to illustrate to some extent the history of John Sharp the settler. As was intimated, the great motive that prompted his coming to the head of Knapp's Creek was to get land. In this he was successful. His landed possessions reached from the Gibson farm near Frost up the West Branch to Armenius Basard's, near Glade Hill; he had property in the Hills, on Thorny Creek, and on Buffalo Mountain beyond Green Bank, and the most of these lands yet in the possession of his descendants.

He was small in person, blue eyes, light hair, and of florid complexion. He was constantly employed. Mrs Sharp was quiet in all her ways, very diligent in her duties, and patiently met and endured the toils and inconveniences of living in the woods. These persons were pious, and some of the first religious meetings ever held in the vicinity of Frost were at their house.

CHILLING REMEMBRANCES.

It was during these late hot days, when from all sides came anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of the man who said "this is going to be a cold, wet summer." No body seemed to be able to shed any light on the subject. One person gave utterance to the dreary thought that he had been stricken down by heat or overcome by thirst, perhaps within sight of home and friends, but we all, with one voice, cried "Perish the thought!" We would not have him die exactly, however often our souls may have risen in revolt at the positively disagreeable man who makes thoughtless remarks about what the weather is going to be. I know of nothing more painful, when you are congratulating yourself on having come safely thro one of our show winters of fogs and frosts, east winds and old-fashioned snowstorms, and are looking forward to one of those "long, bright summers of our first youth that come no more, alas," but which we look forward to just the same, I say there is nothing half so painful as to meet a person who tells you in a way that leaves no room for doubt that this is going to be a cold, wet summer. He remembers a summer that started out just like this, nothing would grow and water melons did not get ripe enough to eat until the last of November and so on. It is an evil day when a man treats his friends to a reminiscence like that. I know a man who is an ardent, a most stubborn weather man and who does not hesitate to predict anything that has to do with weather. His friends

are all sorry as no doubt this has been the chief obstacle to a useful and brilliant career. This man once counted among his friends an old lady who had boundless confidence in him and his weather forecasts. She went so far—she could go no farther—as to take his advice one evening as to whether there would be frost that night. She wanted to save her cucumber vines. He said there would be no frost that night. The old lady slept peacefully. The hardest frost of the year came that night and struck a vital spot in the cucumber vines. The scene next morning was a pathetic one. The old lady's grief was pitiful, as she bewailed her loss while the weary, tired man spoke his mind about weather prophets.

The weather man admitted that he had missed it and often did. He was braver than most weather men, willing "to die in the estimation of his friends with smiling lips, sparing them the spectacle of an unseemly death struggle unworthy of a prophet and sage."

What I really started to say was that it was one of those late hot days when I had almost despaired of getting cool. I suddenly remembered my arithmetic, which, in my school days, never failed to bring up what might be called a mental thunder-storm, and the atmosphere became cool all around me; the cold wave starting from where the teacher stood. I got the book, a sadly battered affair, and opened it, looking with interest at the names of girls and mystic schoolgirlisms scrawled over the pages. On one of the blank pages was written the following, which was entitled "A never failing receipt for an awful good time":

"Take an old horse and a rattling old buck-board, invite two other girls, dress up in striking costume, and drive back into the country to some quiet village and 'paint the town red.'"

The latter consists in such wild revelry as raiding ice cream saloons getting pictures taken, singing thro the streets, driving recklessly and mystifying people with absurd questions. Passing over this effusion of some misguided school girl with silent scorn, I presently came to something else not quite so ghastly. This was a piece of paper, some thing smaller than a yard square, securely fastened. How it got there I am sure I do not know, but I recognized the paper instantly and my mind flew back to one dreadfully cold morning, in a school room in a little but loud educational centre, in a not very obscure part of this faraway West Virginia. The paper was not quite a yard square and was covered on both sides with figures almost large enough to be seen across the street, with a sum in partial-payments. We had gone to the class one morning with that particular sum, all unworked, unhonored or unused, and we were feeling very gloomy. I do not think any of us ever had much faith in our teacher's mathematical qualifications—she's married now and can't be hurt—since one day when she told us that after getting to a certain place to "turn back and see how far you've gone." It did not seem possible to me then that a woman could go about carrying mathematical problems in head with an unsatisfied desire to play tiddle-de-winks, and we felt from the beginning of our lessons in arithmetic that sooner or later we, teacher and all, would get into trouble. Our apprehensions were reasonable, for our teacher became plunged in serious mathematical difficulties as soon as this sum was presented to her, with a remark from one of the girls to the effect that she did not believe that even "you can work that sum."

This girl always says the first thing that comes handy and therefore is kept Lusy keeping herself afloat in sea of troubles three hundred and forty-five days out of the year. But the girl was right. The sum was too much with its perplexities for our teacher, but she stood at the black-board with placid persistence slamming away with the chalk, now turning the pages backwards and forwards to look for the rule and abusing the day, she was born, we knew by the movement

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray—regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

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of her lips. We stood around, ill at ease, thinking some thing must be wrong with science itself. It was all very melancholy, and even now "It is not with laughter that I raise the ghost of that once troubled time," but I can recall it with coolness and quietude now, which are two important sensations in hot weather.

SERMONETTE.

My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue. Lord, make me to know mine end and the measure of my days what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain; he heareth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.—PSALM XXXIX. 3, 4, 6.

The Psalmist was in profound thought, and the train of reflection was apparently modified by the blazing fire and the smouldering brands becoming ashes. Scientists tell us that the processes of our bodily life is a combustion to all intents and purposes. Hence it is when the life fire is quenched that "ashes to ashes" is something more than a metaphorical formula in the funeral service. The fourth verse is the lesson emphasized by the Psalmist. Surely men walk in a vain show when disquieted about vanities,—heaping up riches and not knowing who shall gather them.

These verses have been going the rounds of the periodical press for several years, and illustrate the text. We feel sure that it is a very acceptable service when we place them in the reach of our friends. There should be no incidents in our history more impressive than the death and burial of our friends and acquaintances. For we are thus reminded of the solemn change that awaits us all, and those of us who may desire to give our thoughts an appropriate direction before we attend the burial services, as well as after our return to our homes, will find this exquisite poem very appropriate.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS B. READ.
Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air.
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
The grey barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.
All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed further and the stream sank low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.
The embattled forest, ere while armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.
On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow fading in the light
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.
The sea incl cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;

Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censor swung;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a pteuous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,
All pww was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail
A croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant drumming in the vale
Made echo in the distance to the cottage loom.

There was no bud no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders weaved their thin shrouds by night;
The thistle down,—the only ghost of flowers,—
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary air
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sate like a fate and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft sipped and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice was bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow
Nor him who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

SEN X.

Dentistry.

I will be at Marlinton from 15th to 22d of June; Academy, 23d to 28th; Huntersville, 29th of June to 4th of July; Frost, 5th to 9th; Dummore, 10th to 16th; Green Bank, 16th to 22d; and Travelers' Rest, 22d to 28th.

O. J. CAMPBELL, Dentist.